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To a Skylark.

JOHN A. McNAMARA, '97.

O TUNEFUL bird, first harbinger of day,
How sweet thy matin hymn to blushing morn,
As swiftly o'er the fields of dewy corn,
Thou wingest skyward thy melodious way.
With what blithe, swelling notes thy glorious lay
Bursts forth, as thou in heavenward flight dost scorn
The lowly earth and all things earthly born,
And strive to catch the sun's first golden ray.

O would that I had voice so sweet as thine;
Then might I utter all my glad heart feels
In molten strains of silvery, dulcet notes!
Then might I tell the feelings that are mine
In strain as soft and pure as ever peals
Within the walls of heaven from angel throats.

Science an Aid to Literature.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97.

HE first thing requisite for the forming of a literary artist is observation. Deep study of rhetorical formulas is a secondary or mechanical means. The man who has these ever before his eyes, when he is writing, will produce a stiff and uninteresting essay. If, however, the writer is an observer of human life and of the things around him, by making use of his rhetoric only as a help to the artful relating of his observations, he will bring forth an article of real value.

The greater part, I might say all, of our literature is contained in narration and description. The chief works of fiction are simply an author's study of different characters and his presentation of them, acting under

influences which will either lead them to succeed, or drag them down to ruin. The more natural the circumstances in which these characters are placed, the greater will be the merit of the story; for no one of us would wonder that a person when under a supernatural influence should do a certain act. We would say, rather, that he could not help doing it. If, however, the person is left to exercise his free will to do, or not to do, a thing, just as he may choose, then his actions and their influence on other persons will be of interest to us all. The observing man knows this, hence he leaves his heroes to encounter such difficulties as are apt to rise up in ordinary daily life. Just as a caricaturist, with certain lines, can produce an almost perfect image of a man's features, so does the clever writer, by picking out a few of their qualities, give us an insight into the characters of his subjects. The keener his observation, the more felicitous will be his choice of men, and his portrayal of their peculiarities will be more artistic and more accurate. It is easily seen from this that observation is not only a help, but a necessity to the literary man.

For this reason I conclude that the study of science is of great importance to the aspiring writer. No other branch of education is so effective in training the observation; no other branch of learning produces in us such an acute perception of apparently minor matters. A person can not pursue a course of natural science without feeling that his habit of observing increases with his advancement in that line of study. In the scientific arena one becomes acquainted with nearly all of the things which he will meet in daily life. From the structure of the grain of sand on the river-bank his attention is directed to the huge boulder on the hillside. To him the develop-

ment of the blade of grass beneath his foot is as much an object of study as the formation of the more elaborate and beautiful flowering plants or the mighty tree in the forest. He soon begins to admire the wonderful arrangement of the universe. The world no longer seems to him to be a moving mass of disorder, filled with many animals that should never have been created. We are shown the importance which apparently insignificant insects possess. Who knows how much of our vegetative life is due to their agency in transferring pollen from one plant to another? In fact, so many common things of this sort are shown to us in science, it is a surprise to us to think that we had not of our own accord discovered some of them sooner.

Again, to turn from the vegetative and animal life, what a vast amount of pleasure we can derive from a knowledge of the science of astronomy. The starry heavens contain a story which we can read night after night, never finishing, yet never wearying. The sky will present to us, as Ruskin says, "scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain, it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure."

These are only a few of the more common beauties of nature, which science teaches us to appreciate. After we have learned this much, our desire to learn more will lead us on to still greater study. Anatomy has given us a knowledge of man's physical structure, and it is only natural that, having studied him as an animal, we should be more interested in studying him as a rational being. We search into his disposition, his caprices, his good and his bad qualities; we watch his daily actions, and, in fine, we have learned to be observing.

When we have cultivated this habit of inquiring into everything that falls under our notice, it has a marked effect upon our study of literature. We begin by reading standard authors; and here more than anywhere else is it that we derive great benefit from being attentive. Every sentence and every thought in a book must be given close attention, if we wish to profit by reading. Our aim should be to find the good thoughts of an author and to examine the style in which these thoughts are expressed. If that style is good we should try to imitate it, and if it is faulty we pass it by. Suppose, for example, we have been reading a description which pleased us very much. By closely exam-

ning the passage we will find that it pleased us only because the author was well acquainted with what he was trying to describe, and because he took things in order, choosing only such characteristics of the object as would enable us to picture it easily in our minds. Homer's description of Thersites, which has been admired for ages, contains only eight lines; yet, when we read it we fancy that we see the man standing before us, so vivid is the poet's picture of him. As we learn from a study of the best writers, the secret of all good composition is to say just as much as should be said about our subject to make it clear, and to use no superfluous words. The more thought that is expressed in our words, the greater will be the pleasure they afford to our readers. The works of Cardinal Newman, Stevenson, and de Maupassant in his best stories go to prove this statement.

In the treatment of a subject the difficult part is to know just what its main characteristics are, and what words will best describe these characteristics. Here is exactly where our power of observation is to help us out. If we wish to paint an object so that others can see it clearly, we must first see it clearly ourselves. A person of keen perception will see twice as much in anything as an ordinary man would. Then, as a good painter, by compounding certain shades of color, can make other colors appear in his picture which are not there in reality, so we, by describing certain traits of an object, can make these so plain that they will suggest others which are not described at all.

We learn how to put words together in this manner by following in the footsteps of others who have been skilful in this line. Hence it is that if we read two good books and study well their style and diction, it will profit us more than if we read twenty for the mere pleasure of seeing what becomes of the hero or heroine. This going through a work just for the plot is child's reading; the artistic beauties of the novel should interest us.

I might write on for many pages, but I think I have said enough to prove the assertion made in the opening of this paper—that the study of literature consists above all in observation. In reading and writing, describing and narrating, we might say that it is absolutely necessary. Then, the advantages of science in training the observation are, as I have shown, almost invaluable. Of course, I do not mean to say that a knowledge of science will make a good

writer any more than it will make a good musician or a good painter. Natural talent must be looked for first, and then science plays its part in developing this talent. A good writer is essentially nature's interpreter; and the laws of science, by opening up the secrets of nature to him, will clear his path of many barriers which would otherwise impede his progress.

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A Dark Horse.

PATRICK E. REARDON, '97.

It was August, 1896; the air was dry, and the flowers in front of the club-house lay motionless under the burning sun. The intense heat had driven the people to the sea-shore, and the little village of Scarborough was deserted, except for a few young men who still lingered at home. They were a merry crowd, always planning and scheming for "a good time." But they had drunk deep of every pleasure, and now the heat forced them to lead a quiet life at the club. They cared for no one, and it was of little consequence to them whether the world went round or not, so long as they were on it.

On the afternoon of which I write, Fred Hyatt and George Brumly were alone on the veranda. Hyatt was a handsome fellow and wealthy; but, unlike many young men of his standing, he had but one friend Brumly. The other members of the club never cared for Fred; or, more properly, Fred never cared for their company. He was not a spendthrift, nor did he like to mingle in society. The common opinion was that Hyatt would be an old bachelor. Even Brumly was of this opinion. Brumly and his melancholy companion had passed the greater part of the afternoon on the veranda, and now, as evening was drawing on and a slight breeze was shaking the leaves and flowers, Fred proposed a sail.

It was close on to seven o'clock when they arrived at the old boat-house. The sun was sinking behind the distant Palisades, and his bright red face was reflected in the waters beneath. It was a beautiful sunset. The evergreens which covered the rugged mountains were changed to a pale red, and the rocks, which rose perpendicularly from the water's edge, seemed to uphold the burnished clouds as a pedestal upholds a fair statue. While Fred stood admiring the scene, the boat was put in readiness, and before long they were sailing in the sun's reflection.

"George," began Fred, "I have something to tell you. We have been friends for a long time, and I feel that I can trust you with a secret."

"Certainly, you can," replied Brumly, and his dark eyes shone brighter than ever. He knew that Hyatt had been brooding over something for many a day, and he felt certain that he was soon to hear of it.

"While in the Catskills, last summer, I met a young lady from Washington, and—"

"Lost your diamond ring?" interrupted Brumly.

"No, no. I—well, I fell in love with her," stammered Fred.

Brumly roared. Hyatt in love! That was the best joke he had heard in years.

"In love?" asked Brumly.

"Yes, in love. Is there anything funny about being in love?" asked Fred. He was angry at the way his friend received the news; he himself seemed to take it very seriously.

"No; but—I beg your pardon," answered Brumly.

"Well, you know what a sensation it will cause when it becomes known."

"What will? Great Scot! can't you be in love without causing a sensation?" asked Brumly.

"Never mind," answered Fred. "I shall tell you more about it when we get back to the house."

It was after nine o'clock when they returned, but the gloom, which had hung over Fred's face for so long, had passed away. The work of months was over. It had cost him considerable trouble to muster enough courage to tell his parents, and now that he had broached the subject to his friend, the rest was easy. On the way home very little was said about the subject; but as soon as luncheon was ordered, Fred began to tell Brumly about the past and the future.

"I never believed in love at first sight," began Fred, "until the afternoon I met Miss Hutchison. It was on a mountain path, and I saw her and her mother from a distance. The wind was blowing very strong; and, as Miss Hutchison stopped to gather some wild flowers, it blew her hat into the woods, and hung it on a tree where they were unable to reach it. I saw what had happened and hastened to offer my assistance. You should have seen me climb that tree, but above all you should have seen the smile on Miss Hutchison's lips, and heard the pleasant 'thank you!' when I returned with the hat. Her mother also thanked me,

and we began to speak of mountain climbing."

"You are right at home on that subject," interrupted Brumly.

"Yes. Well, I accompanied them to the hotel and, after dinner, renewed the conversation. It was rather late when we parted; but I had made an engagement for the following afternoon. I have often thought how I did it all; but everything came so natural to me while in her presence that I was a puzzle to myself."

"By Jove, Fred! I never thought it was in you," said Brumly.

"It never was until I met her, and since then I have thought of nothing else. I won't describe her: you shall have the pleasure of meeting her before another month has passed. I want you to be best man."

"Best man! Great heavens! are you going to marry?" asked Brumly.

"Within a month," answered Fred.

"Congratulations, old man! You have played 'the dark horse' well."

"Cymbeline."

JOSEPH V. SULLIVAN, '97.

A few weeks ago a great stir was caused in the upper circles of London society by Sir Henry Irving's production of "Cymbeline." At that time the critics predicted that the first success would not continue long, since the play was presented merely as a concession to the genius of Ellen Terry as Imogen. This seems very true, because no character in the play, with the exception of the king's daughter, is at all pre-eminent, or especially remarkable for many virtues. Even Posthumus loses part of his nobleness when he makes the indiscreet wager with Iachimo; and surely the king and queen, as well as Cloten and Pisanio, do not far outshine the others.

But Imogen,—what a beautiful creation she is! Truly, the piece should be acted if only to present this ideal character. A brilliant type of womanhood, her calm, mirror-like nature is never disturbed by the ever-present temptations, sufferings and snares. She follows only the inclinations of her pure heart, and remains always the perfect woman of Shakspere, "as chaste as unsunn'd snow." Concerning her, Mrs. Jameson justly observes: "We must imagine something of the romantic enthusiasm of Juliet, of the truth and constancy of Helen, of the dignified purity of Isabel, of the tender

sweetness of Viola, of the self-possession and intellect of Portia, combined together so equally and so harmoniously, that we can scarcely say that one quality predominates over the other, . . . and thus while she resembles each of these characters individually, she stands wholly distinct from all." And, as we proceed through the play, and the beautiful traits of Imogen's character unfold themselves, we behold in her a wonderful model of conjugal fidelity, and we form a higher ideal of womanhood.

As a striking contrast to the preceding characters we have the queen, always striving to thwart the plans of her step-daughter, who has offended the king by marrying Posthumus. Here we have a true picture of the wicked mother, ambitious for the advancement of her unworthy son, whom she wishes to place on the throne when the king will die. Consequently, she is always intriguing to make Imogen have him for her husband. Shrewd and strong in character, she easily dominates Cymbeline, and forces that poor weakling to obey her every wish. She strives to direct the fortunes of everybody according to her vicious desires, and at last falls a victim to her own injustice, with all her schemes frustrated. Or, as Cornelius the physician puts it:

"With horror madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself."

Of the male characters, Posthumus is by far the noblest. A deep study of his nature affords us an example of a man whom we must admire. The courtiers respected him, and even the king showed him great honor before his secret marriage to Imogen. The queen alone hated him, because he was the one obstacle to her ambitious hopes. He was, as a gentleman of the Court says,

"A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is."

The one stain on his otherwise unblemished character is caused by his foolish wager with Iachimo, for he had no right to put his wife's honor to such a severe test. But we almost forgive him when we afterwards witness his repentance and despondency. Well-nigh brought to ruin by this false step he longs for death, and reluctantly gives up the opportunity of going to the scaffold; but at last when the counter-play of events has cleared up all doubt

and he is once more united to Imogen, his real greatness is apparent to all.

Shakspere's delight in contrast is especially evident in this drama, where he has placed the true gentleman, Posthumus, in opposition to the villainous Cloten. The latter person, even weaker than the king, is a mere puppet in the hands of his mother. Without the least spark of manhood, he tries to win Imogen, and can not understand her dislike for him. Repulsed in his advances towards her, he finally goes forth to kill her husband. But the fate which he arranged for Posthumus falls upon himself, and by his coarseness and arrogance he is caught in his own trap. As a fitting parallel to this wretch, Shakspere presents the cunning deceiver Iachimo. When by insinuations and slander, this person strives to weaken Imogen's faith in her husband, she silences him by saying:

"Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honor."

All the woes which he brought upon Posthumus and his wife turn at last against himself, and we rejoice to see him humbled by the very woman who had repelled him once before.

Of the minor characters Belarius is the most powerfully drawn. Banished from court through defamation and lies, he had in revenge taken the king's two infant sons and brought them up as his own. In acting thus he was an instrument of Providence, for he had unconsciously saved the children from the clutches of the queen, and, moreover, he had by his training made of them splendid youths who would grace any throne. In the *dénouement* Belarius is forgiven by their father and raised to a high position at court. Cymbeline, the husband, father and king, though not a strong character, is always willing to do what is right. This is especially noticeable in him when, after the death of the wicked queen, he generously concludes peace with the Romans, notwithstanding that he had worsted them in a war brought on by his wife's ambitious folly. When in the last act he pardons all, we, too, are ready to forgive him for his former weakness. The whole play moves about him and, despite his continual passiveness, he is indirectly the motive power to the actions of all. Were it not for his lack of spirit he would, indeed, be a man fitted for the throne which he holds.

In the person of Pisanio, Shakspere has given us a worthy gentleman, and such a one as Posthumus would most probably select for his attendant,—one who is honest and faithful to his trust. Though it was owing to his plans

that so much suffering and misery were brought upon his friends, he had always the good intention of serving them. His kindness of heart is shown when, after conducting Imogen to the place where he is ordered to put her to death, he cries out:

"O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink."

And after she has started on her journey he says:

"O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!"

So, then, we have in this play numerous characters, all well drawn; but, with the exception of Imogen, not one of them is especially conspicuous, since each is excellent in his own person. The windings of the plot, too, are various, and form a net-work which is very difficult to unravel. As a result, there is something improbable in the *dénouement*, where the confessions of the dying queen are made public, and where Iachimo breaks down without warning, and tells everything. Besides, there is a weakness of construction in the scene where Jupiter and the ghosts appear,—the even progress of the action is disturbed by the direct representation of divine power. There is, however, some reason for supposing that this part is an interpolation. We certainly would like to believe that such is the case, because, taken as a whole, this is one of Shakspere's most interesting pieces, and has a harmonious perfection throughout.

This play may be called a tragi-comedy. It does not contain any comic elements, and in spite of the seriousness of the whole drama, it can not be termed a tragedy, because of its happy endings and the absence of any tragic plot. It is romantic in quality, and even with its profusion of events, everything is brought to a satisfactory, though somewhat hasty, close. The piece is more or less epic in character, and it is only from this standpoint that that scene can be justified wherein the poet brings the intervention of the gods upon the very stage. In the Greek plays this might have been allowed, but here it is entirely out of place and unsuited to the rest of the drama. The ghost in "Hamlet" is perfectly natural and is necessary to give a motive for Hamlet's actions. The spirit of Banquo, too, in "Macbeth" is consistent with the other parts of the tragedy, as evinced by the incantations of the weird women; but in "Cymbeline," where the scene is laid in Britain, the apparition of Jupiter must be considered a defect.

Varsity Verse.

MATER AMABILIS.

PHOU highest peak, thou grand poetic peak
With crystal cowl and veil of whitest cloud,
Purest and brightest, fairest, yet least proud,
Least cold of all, where'er the fancy seek;
Thou brightest day that nourisheth in week
Of days resplendent, lifting high the shroud
Of storm black-ribbed, when soul of man is cowed
With fear so burdensome he can not speak.

The purest and the brightest aye art thou,
Mother; thou shonest as the softest moon
O'er her loved earth when earth is all asleep.
Lady, though distant far, thou warmest now
One heart with love high-risen to its noon,
And chastenest it unto its deepest deep.

J. B.

YEARNINGS.

In suffering sad I watch the gloomy night
Sink o'er the bare, bleak hills and winter wold;
And hear the moaning wind o'er-fraught with cold
With shrieking laughter timid souls affright.

For many hours I looked upon the day
O'er-hung with leaden, darkened clouds and drear,
And weary, hoped and waited for the cheer
The morrow's morn would bring, and sun would stay.

In fever burning, all the long night through,
I saw the slow approach of coming morn;
But cheer came not, nor sunrise to adorn
The grim, grey clouds that crowned the dismal view.

The horrid staff of pain has seared my brow,
And fitful shadows crowd upon my soul
Jeering and mocking; e'en the long days roll
In endless gloom adown the weary "now."

E. J. M.

PAINFUL?

"Does it hurt very much?" is the query
That bores everywhere try to fit;
And now what we want is the knowledge
Of what in the world is it.

Well, the answer is only a short one
To be made to the idiot who
Inflicted the gag, and he should be told:
"No, it don't, but you do."

F. J. F. C.

SOME DAY.

'Tis sweet to limn in waking dreams
Fair pictures out of dim hope-gleams;
To see the future rosy-hued,
And all the world with good imbued.
Pleasant to place our cares away
And picture what will come some day.

Fair 'tis to free from reason's chains
Our minds, for when our fancy reigns
We are true princes, we have gained
Successes no man e'er obtained.
Dear dream in youth, nay, sweet alway,
To picture what will come some day.

C. M. B. B.

Notes from the Bacteriological Laboratory.

W. BURNETT WEAVER, '97.

Wonderful is the hand of nature! When we contemplate the phenomena of creation with the eye of science we see how small and insignificant is man when compared with the greatness of the universe. But although man feels this immensity everywhere, yet is he supported on the ocean of life by that higher principle bestowed upon him by the special act of a Being who shows him his power above nature and his lofty destiny.

When we raise our eyes to investigate the stars in the azure dome above, or cast them down to examine the smallest life-form here below, the phenomena of nature again astound us. When, after having viewed the imposing greatness of the universe, we turn to study either the smallest animal or vegetable forms of life, we meet insolvable problems. But through all we see the reflection of an all-wise and beneficent Providence.

Nothing gives us a more unexpected conception of the universal diffusion of life than the boundless number of organisms with which we come in contact. We look around us and see simply a manifest life, a visible world, as you might say. But through the grand success achieved by science and scientific research, we have come to know an invisible world. This accomplishment we owe to the microscope.

This microscopic life is made up of both minute vegetable and animal organisms. The vegetable life includes a great group of micro-organisms, of which the three prominent forms are bacteria, yeasts and moulds. The bacteria are the most important and interesting on account of their relation to disease, as well as of their usefulness to mankind.

Bacteria are minute, unicellular, vegetable organisms. So small are they and so simple in their structure and activity that it has been no easy task for scientific men to distinguish them from the animal organisms. Now no doubt is entertained as to which are bacteria and which are animals.

As to shape they vary greatly, but in general, they are spheroidal, rod or spiral shaped. They are devoid of chlorophyll, the green coloring matter of the higher plants, by means of which, in the presence of sunlight, these are enabled to decompose carbonic acid and ammonia into their elementary constituents. Owing to the

absence of chlorophyll in their composition, the bacteria are compelled to obtain their nutritive materials from organic matter, therefore they lead either a saprophytic or parasitic life.

So common and abundant are the bacteria that wherever putrefaction and decay are going on they are found in great numbers. In all natural waters, in the soil, on all fruits, vegetables and plants, in the mouth, on the skin, digestive canals of man and animals—they are met with wherever any form of life can exist. In dust they are found clinging singly or in clusters to the small inorganic substances which go to make it up. In this state, where moisture is absent, they become inert, and are carried about with the dust particles. The evil effects of bacteria on living organic matter is due to the parasitic group, which live only at the expense of the more highly organized members of both the animal and vegetable kingdom.

The pathogenic organisms have the property of producing disease, and therefore belong to the parasitic group. Their host must always be a living body, in which exist favorable conditions to their growth and activity, and there they live as endophytes in the cavities of the body or in the substances necessary to the health and life of the organism to which they have found access. Here they eliminate substances from the product of their nutrition that are directly poisonous to the tissues in which they grow. They find their way, either in the spore or the vegetative form, into the cavities of the body, which are accessible from without, or into wounds, whence they may be carried into the blood and lymphatic passages, or from these they may penetrate into the tissue from any surface to which they have been conveyed.

The great media for diffusion of pathogenic bacteria over the surface of the globe are the air and water. Of those two media the air is the most important, for it is present everywhere. In this dry state, or spore state, as it is called, pathogenic germs move with the current of air, clinging to dust particles, as has already been stated, and again attach themselves to the solid or fluid substances with which they come in contact. By this, infectious diseases may be called contagious, for they can only arise by the entrance of pathogenic organisms from without, and this can only take place when they are brought in contact with an absorbing surface.

From investigations made, the identity and, approximately, the number in a certain volume of air has been proved by an experiment made by Miquel. He determined the number of bacteria which a certain volume of air contains at different seasons of the year: during the summer he found that such a volume of air contained as many as 1000, while during the cold months of winter it contained as few as four or five.

Emmerich, by means of an aspiration apparatus, obtained air from an old dissecting room, which, for a long time, had not contained any erysipelatous material, and cultivated from it the cocci of erysipelas. He then inoculated them into animals, and found that they produced typical erysipelas. The cocci were also found in the crevices of the floor, and in the plastering of the walls and ceiling.

Pathogenic micro-organisms may exist in the healthy body in an inert condition for an indefinite time, until, by some accidental pathological change, the tissue, in which they may exist, becomes favorable for their development; or they may be harmless as long as they remain floating around in the blood, for in time they may pass through the excretory organs.

Most bacteria, under ordinary circumstances, do not reproduce themselves outside of the body. Their resistance to heat and cold, moisture and dryness, gives them the power to retain their disease-producing qualities long after their separation from their host; and after they have been introduced again into a body, and meeting with the proper condition or medium, they again exert their pathogenic effects.

Different pathogenic germs possess varying degrees of resistance to heat, cold and certain chemicals. Spores have a greater power of resisting the action of these various agents than the parent cells. From this fact experiments must be made to denote the degree of resistance; but to do this we must understand the difference between the term disinfection and antiseptic. In the laboratory it is common to employ the term sterilization for the destruction of bacteria by heat, and the term disinfection in the use of chemicals. A disinfectant must be applied to the bacteria themselves, and must be in contact with them for a greater or less length of time sufficient to insure their death. On the other hand, the antiseptic merely prevents the growth of bacteria without the necessity of killing them. Hence the absurdity of sprinkling about here and there a little

carbolic acid, or of placing a small vessel of carbolic acid in a room in which infectious diseases are found, can be easily seen. To disinfect apartments properly, in which infectious diseases have been in progress, many means have been employed. Perhaps the most successful, though not always the most economical, method of destroying the germs, is by burning the articles infected. Boiling the articles in certain disinfecting solutions is a common method employed and readily destroys the germs. A 2 per cent. solution of soda or a 3 per cent. solution of carbolic acid will effect this.

It is not advisable to bury any material which can be disinfected by any of the means above mentioned. For in the case of bacillus anthrax, Koch asserts that when animals have died of this disease, and are not buried deeply enough, the spores may reach the surface and infect other animals that may be near. To understand fully the necessity of proper disinfection, and the care that should be taken to prevent the dissemination of any disease, we will take the organism discovered by Eberth and by Gaffky, and known as the typhoid bacillus, which produces one of the most serious and common diseases, known as typhoid fever. This bacillus finds its way into the intestines and multiplies in great numbers. From here they gain access to the spleen, liver and kidneys. Most of them continue to live in the intestines, whence they are constantly cast out in the living condition. From these discharges the disease is often spread on account of the carelessness of those attending the patient. Those who use the same water supply are liable to become infected with this disease, and the same is true of those who are dependent upon the same food sources, or whose sewage system is defective, or whose water-pipes leak and afterward become dry, thus liberating the bacteria as floating dust into the rooms where they may gain access to food or drink. Sewer gas is capable of inducing disturbances of health, but it can not, in itself, induce typhoid fever unless it contains the bacilli.

The more we study the commonest pathogenic forms the more we attribute the cause of their infection to those, chiefly, who are either ignorant, careless or prejudiced. But while we are led by the knowledge we have thus far gained of the bacteria, we have hopes that some day scientific research may discover a direct and efficient means of destroying these persistent enemies of mankind.

Books and Magazines.

—We are becoming so profuse in our praises of the current magazines, as the critics are becoming profuse in their welcome of the latest authors, that anything we might say nowadays is invariably taken *cum grano salis* by the reading public. Perhaps we should preface our notice of the November number of *Harper's* with the statement that this is no ordinary, stereotyped, pigeon-holed review, ready for months and wanting only an occasion to call it forth from its seasoning dust. The present number of *Harper's* deserves something more complimentary than this, for it is really interesting, really instructive, really deserving.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who lately attained to fame on account of his papers on Germany, begins this month a series of articles headed "White Man's Africa." The first, which contains an interesting introduction, describes Jameson's famous raid on the country of the Boers. Mr. Thomas A. Janvier again appears with a story, clever as usual, and well illustrated by the facile pen of Mr. C. D. Gibson. Most interesting is Prof. Woodrow Wilson's paper, "The First President of the United States." It is pathetic, indeed, now that poor Du Maurier is no more, to run over the delightful scenes, painted by the artist-author, descriptive of the charming (that is the only word to express our meaning) Barty Josselin and his escapades at Brossard's and elsewhere. The drawings are decidedly Du Maurieresque. Mr. Laurence Hutton describes very entertainingly the "Literary Landmarks of Florence." John Kendrick Bangs again comes out with a humorous story, true to life, perhaps. A pleasant article is that by Mr. William Hamilton Gibson, entitled "The Cuckoos and the Outwitted Cow-bird." "The Next Room," by Octave Thanet, is a clever story. The "Editor's Drawer" is as lively a place as usual. Throughout the magazine the illustrations are clear and *apropos* and the general effect most pleasing.

—Here is the *Bachelor* again with its pretty cover of blue and its border of red, enclosing a table of contents, which exhibits as varied and as interesting a collection of themes as one would care to read. First among the prose articles is a discussion of President Eliot's Chautauqua address, as published in the October *Atlantic*. Mr. John Jay Chapman, with his usual critical insight, writes on Robert Browning. Goethe's famous poem, "Faust," receives due apprecia-

tion from the pen of Mr. A. C. Roberts, while Mr. J. Mathewman writes on that unceasingly interesting subject, "A Student Bierreise in Berlin." There is a pleasing article on alumni wit, and really the jokes are very good, as they should be, coming from college men. Golf is treated of by an "Old Graduate," who declares frankly that he is tired of the "thick burr" and "ridiculous vernacular" of the Scots, from whom the game has come. He is very much wearied with the prominence which we give to Scotland and Scottish writers, but evidently the editors of the *Bachelor* do not hold the same opinion. "The Free Boarder" is a well-written story, though it lacks imagination. Of course, it is useless to say anything about the Editorial Notes of *The Bachelor of Arts*, for they are so well known for their brightness and good judgment that any words of ours in their praise would be wasted.

—In times like these, when there are daily papers and magazines galore, one seeks no longer for matter to read, but inquires what is the best to read. To the man who has not the time to make a thorough study of the current magazines a compendium of current events, social, literary, political and religious, is absolutely necessary. Such a compendium is offered by the *Literary Digest*. This paper sums up weekly the topics of general interest, treating them in a manner strictly impartial. It can, therefore, be relied on to give a reader a clear insight into current matters, leaving him to form his own judgment.

The current number of the *Digest* touches first upon the political condition in America, showing the opinions of both sides by clippings from their most noted organs. The Castle case, now creating so much excitement, and the Indian and recent labor questions are carefully treated. Amid other subjects literary the Recollections of Bret Harte and the sketch of Stephen Crane, the promising young Gotham writer, are of peculiar interest. The scientific department contains nothing extraordinary, but therein are treated well a few questions of modern science. Among the peculiar happenings of the religious world, the *Digest* notes particularly a controversy now going on in Germany in regard to the genuineness of the Devil's signature. Verily, these Germans are great contenders. The foreign and miscellaneous departments are up to the usual standard, which is excellence. The present number begins Vol. XIV. of the *Digest*. We wish her every success and offer our congratulations.

—*The Amateur Athlete* of October 29 is a very interesting number. Its plea for the abolition of pace-making in bicycle racing is one that recommends itself to all true lovers of the sport, and it is a warning to which the racing board of the L. A. W. should give due consideration. The unfairness of pace-making is self-evident, and the position which the *Athlete* takes can not but be conducive of good. While pace-making should be allowed in racing against time, in all other cases a time limit would suffice to force fast riding.

One very noticeable feature in this magazine is the division of athletics in general into various departments. This enables a person who is interested in a particular branch of athletics to turn at once to this department without having to search through the whole magazine. While in this number all the departments are interesting, the football department is especially so, and the table of games which the leading colleges have played this year affords a very valuable help to any one wishing to compare the relative strength of the teams.

As yet, the *Athlete* has a decidedly Eastern flavor, and Western athletics are but little treated of in its columns. This, however is a defect that can easily be remedied, and when this has been done the *Athlete* will be welcomed by its Western readers with greater pleasure than ever.

—The exigencies of college sport have for a long time demanded an official paper confining itself solely to college contests. It is difficult and tiresome to search through the daily papers to find the results of games, and the publications devoted to athletics in general give too much space to questions but slightly interesting college students. Then, too, such papers are useless to file as reference. *The Intercollegiate Athlete* will fill a long-felt want and, if it carries out the promise of its first number, will fill it well.

CATHOLIC CEREMONIES. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. 1896.

The *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of New York is, in itself, the best recommendation of this handy book—a translation from the French of the Abbé Durand. The symbolical explanations of the several objects used in the services of the Church—Mass, Vespers, Benediction—are refreshing, ennobling and calculated to foster piety. A full chapter is devoted to the explanation of the minutest details of the complicated liturgy which characterizes Holy Week.

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—It was with the sincerest pleasure that we noticed the presence of the Rev. Thomas Carroll, of Oil City, Pa., in the University a few days last week. Our reverend visitor was a student here in '55 and, after completing his theological studies here, was ordained in '59. He is, therefore, well known among the members of the Community, especially by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby. His name, to those at Notre Dame who never met him, has come before him, for it is inseparably linked with the history of our beautiful "Grotto of Lourdes," which his beneficence made possible.

Father Carroll has been an indefatigable builder. To him is due the honor of erecting the first Catholic church and presbytery ever reared in South Bend—old St. Patrick's. Later on he was transferred to the diocese of Erie, Pennsylvania, where he has been most successful in furthering the cause of the Church. At Oil City he has raised one of the most magnificent and costly temples in the diocese, St. Joseph's, of which he is pastor. To this man's generosity Notre Dame owes one of her most beautiful, most faith-inspiring scenes, a shrine to which not only we at Notre Dame, but others from outside, carry heavy burdens and go away relieved.

—Three new lights have recently arisen in the poetic firmament, who illustrate the fact that, in distributing her gifts, genius regards neither wealth nor station in life. Edmond Curtis, the boy poet of London; Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet of Dayton, Ohio, and Johanna Ambrosius, the peasant poet of Germany, have surprised and delighted the critics by their exceptional poetic gifts. They are all poor in purse, but rich in genius; all were compelled to earn their living by lowly labor, and all three are modest and unaffected by the honors now lavished upon them.

Edmond Curtis is a boy of fifteen years, and all his young life has been spent in a gutta-percha manufactory. During his leisure hours he wrote poems of such worth that they attracted the attention of the newspapers and afterwards of the leading literary men of London. Persons who have become interested in him intend to take him away from London and send him to school in order that his talents may be properly developed.

Paul Dunbar is an elevator boy in a public building of Dayton. So far he has been more fortunate than either of his fellow-poets in the matter of educational advantages, for he is a graduate of the Dayton public schools. Literary men have praised his work, and declared them to be full of promise. Mr. Dunbar is now twenty-five years of age, so he still has plenty of time in which to develop his powers.

Johanna Ambrosius is, at present, the best known of the three, but her genius was slower in being discovered and appreciated than that of the other two. She is the wife of a poor peasant of an East Prussia village, and all her life has been spent in toil and poverty. About two years ago some of her lyrics, published in a newspaper, attracted the attention of Prof. Karl Weiss-Schattenthal, who sought out their writer, and gave her poems to the world. She has been honored by her sovereigns, admired by men of letters, and given the name of the "Burns of Germany." She has now been placed above want, and can devote her entire attention to composing beautiful little lyrics like those which have made her famous. Her poems speak from the heart and to the heart; they have simple subjects, and are written in a charmingly simple style. Her works have been translated into English; and although they have lost much of their music and rhythm by translation, still the thoughts of the originals are preserved; and they alone render them valuable.

The Death of Brother Francis Xavier.

Another link between the present and the past of our *Alma Mater* has been broken; the last of the silken strings that bound the Notre Dame of '42 to the Notre Dame of '96 has been snapped in twain. Brother Francis Xavier is dead! and with him passes away the last survivor of that little band of heroes who changed the bleak forest into a bright fairy-land, and reared on stones cemented with their blood the domes and turrets of our noble college home.

They were hard and painful, the days when Notre Dame was founded. That winter when they broke their way through the fallen trees and the drifted snow is set down in history as one of the coldest since 1607. Even the Indians, accustomed as they were to the rigors of winter, were almost exterminated. Many of them were frozen to death. It was impossible to carry needful provisions with them, and the pain of hunger was added to the pain of cold. South Bend was hardly a small village, and when a pound of coffee was wanted a messenger was despatched —ah! the irony of that word!—all the long journey to Detroit.

The work of the religious at Notre Dame in those hard, early days was a continuous crucifixion. Health they had and eager appetites, but the merest comforts—even the merest necessities sometimes—were absent. But Providence fitted the back to the burden. The founders of Notre Dame were stalwart and rugged as the Norsemen. Like giants they exulted in their strength, and the continuous struggle with primeval nature inspired and strengthened them. Trials they knew, wrestlings within and without; and sometimes it seemed that the favor of Heaven itself was withdrawn from

them, and the labor of months and years destroyed. But they toiled on undiscouraged and undismayed, and at last they hewed their way to the light.

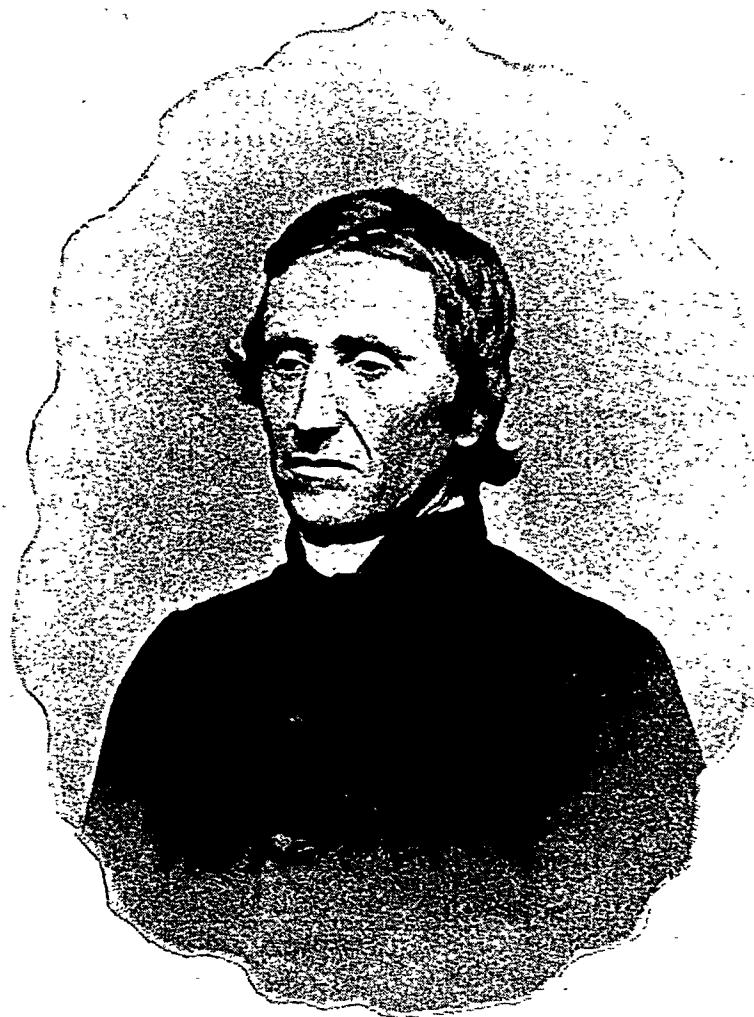
Brother Francis Xavier was one of these brave pioneers. The days of his stewardship were longer than those of his early companions; but not till the hour of his death did he relax his tremendous energy and zeal. He was the local undertaker from the very beginning—he buried all who have died at Notre Dame. Many times in a week he was roused from his sleep at night, often to ride far into the country in the rain and the cold, but a word of complaint was never on his lips. "As cheerful as an undertaker," is not, we believe, a proverb; but it would soon become one if all the craft had as much sunshine in their hearts as he.

His life was full of labor, done in a spirit of duty and with no eye to earthly reward, and in the consciousness that he was doing God's work he found his solace and his recompense. From his fellow religious he won a peculiar veneration, and from the poor, whom his ministrations assisted, a very special love.

Since Father Sorin died, Brother Francis has been the Patriarch of Notre Dame; but no stranger who

saw the silent, unobtrusive Brother, as he moved actively about his work, would have guessed it. He wore his honors gracefully, and to the end he remained the prayerful, laborious, amiable, humble religious that he was in youth. Such men never die. They live again in every life which their example has helped to sanctify. The days of the founding will seem ancient now that Brother Francis has passed away, but the memory of his good, long life, and the fragrance of his Christian virtues, will never depart from those who knew him. God grant his noble spirit rest!

J. D.



BROTHER FRANCIS XAVIER, C. S. C.

Foreign Actors on the American Stage.

In literature, science and art America is well represented. The people point proudly to a Washington Irving and a Cooper, a Hawthorne and a Howells, and loudly boast of an Edison and a Fulton. Her sons have won renown in painting and in sculpture in Europe as well as at home. And so it is in nearly every field of progress, but there is one great exception, and that is our stage. The American theatre is destitute of any great actors, excepting, of course, Booth, Jefferson and Barrett, and our dramas are mostly translations from the French and the German. The presence of so many foreigners upon our stage should be an incentive to our American players to greater efforts. Our stage should reach that point of perfection where it would not be necessary for an American manager to fill his schedule with English or French actors.

The entrance of foreigners upon the American stage dates back to the year 1855, when Rachel, the leading tragedienne of her day, appeared in New York. Her tour of this country was successful both from a financial as well as an artistic standpoint. She was followed by Ristori, an Italian, who had succeeded her abroad as the queen of tragedy. M. Victorien Sardou, speaking of Ristori remarks: "For my part, I have never seen anything on the stage as fine as the acting of this woman." She was well received, although her plays are said to have been too classical and too advanced for the American public at the time. About this period (1873) Tommaso Salvini appeared in America as "Othello." The critics, especially William Winter, looked upon him as the greatest actor that ever appeared in this country. His performances were rendered unique by the fact that they were bi-lingual, Salvini speaking Italian and his company English. Madame Fanny Janauschek followed Salvini. She was successful, but her art has gradually declined, and she is now far below her former standing.

The American stage today is well filled with foreigners. Sir Henry Irving has almost become Americanized by his many visits. He is looked upon by most critics as the greatest tragedian on the stage today. Most of the other foreigners who visit this country are leaders in their profession, for it is considered abroad the crowning point of an actor's career to make a successful American tour. Edward S. Willard, in the "Middleman," made several successful trips to this

country, as did Coquelin, Tree, Hare and John Alexander. There are but a few actresses before the public eye at present,—Olga Nethersole, Helena Modjeska and Ellen Terry; but these are considered greatly superior to any of our own, if I may except Fanny Davenport.

As the dramatic art is decidedly cosmopolitan, the advent of players, like these men and women, should be a stimulus for Americans to be up and doing, to lead and become famous. And the same remark may aptly apply to our play-wrights. Most of the dramas on the stage today are, as I stated before, taken from the French or German, and the plays of Henry Arthur Jones are seen in America every season. With the exception possibly of Bronson Howard, we are without a first-class play-wright.

English and French plays are interesting, well-written, and, taken as a whole, are generally of a very high order; but it seems to me that we should, at least, possess some originality. The American theatre-going public is quite able to criticise a play; and although it sometimes applauds what it does not understand, as in the case of the songs of Yvette Guilbert, still it is generally free from prejudice, and would gladly see an American Irving and applaud an American Modjeska.

T. T. C.

Exchanges.

The editors of the *Mountaineer* have combined learning and imagination most judiciously in their bright paper, and the result can not fail to please their readers. In the editorial column the editors have promised to do their best to reach a degree of perfection worthy of their college and paper, and, if we may judge by a recent issue of the *Mountaineer*, their efforts are bringing about the desired end. The exchange editor, however, places us in a very bad light by quoting a minor and secondary consideration advanced in these columns, as a *raison d'être* of a college paper, as being the principal reason we set forth. After quoting us as saying that class-room topics should be discussed as a "means to show parents the progress their children are making," the ex-editor goes on to tell us what he thinks the duty of a college paper. After he has said all that he has to say, we find that he has advanced the same reasons that appeared in these columns in our mid-summer number in justifying the existence of a college paper. If the ex-editor

had carefully read the article he criticises he would have found that the SCHOLASTIC advocated nearly the same things that he tries to make out it is opposed to. The very appearance of the SCHOLASTIC proves that its policy is not to deal solely in class-room topics. It has striven always to give literary aspirants greater opportunities than they could be afforded in the class-room, and that is just what the ex.-editor of the *Mountaineer* has said a college paper ought to do.

We will not say that the ex.-editor misquoted us intentionally, but when he criticises our theories he should study them a little closer, and find out whether they differ so very much from his own. As for the discussion of class-room topics being bad form in the local columns of a college paper, we would like to ask the ex.-editor if he thinks it bad form for a number of people, all having the same interests, to discuss the topics that interest them the most, while not neglecting other subjects in the least.

If the ex.-editor of the *Mountaineer* would just look through the local column of his own paper in the October number, we think he would find that his colleague in the Local Department is also guilty of such bad form as to discuss matters pertaining to class-work. We do not doubt but that the local column of the *Mountaineer* is none the less interesting on that account to the majority of the readers of that journal, although it may be distasteful to our friend the ex.-editor. Class-room topics cover a multitude of subjects, all the way from a change of professors to a class-room joke, and as covering such ground we think a little space can be afforded to them.

Of course, we do not intend to advocate philosophical questions being discussed in college papers, but we think a little mention of the work we are doing will not hurt the readers who are interested in us and in our progress. As for the SCHOLASTIC taking the place of a monthly report of the standing of the students of Notre Dame, any of our readers knows that it does no such thing. Once every two months we devote half a page to the publication of the standing of the students in the bi-monthly examinations, but when the fact is taken into consideration that the SCHOLASTIC is a weekly, and that it devotes about one hundred and twenty pages to the discussion of other subjects, and half a page to the publication of a bi-monthly report, we do not think the exchange of the *Mountaineer* has any cause to complain.

Personals.

—Rev. Aug. Steffen, of St. Mary's Church, Toledo, Ohio, accompanied by the Dean of Mishawaka, was a guest of the University on Monday last.

—Mrs. I. Shillington and her daughter, Miss Evelyn Shillington, of Chicago, were the guests at the University of Messrs. J. H. and C. J. Shillington last Wednesday.

—Julius P. Goldstein (Com'l '94) is book-keeper with the G. H. Hammond Company, Hammond, Indiana. He promises to give us a call soon. That's right Julius! You are welcome.

—H. L. Fereding, a Law student, has entered a law partnership in Dayton, Ohio, where he is gaining quite a large number of clients. We doubt whether Harry has many equals among the young lawyers of the Soldiers' Home City.

—Cards have come to the SCHOLASTIC announcing the marriage of Mr. John I. Kleiber (A. B. '87) to Miss H. E. Woodhouse, of Brownsville, Texas. The young couple have the best wishes of the SCHOLASTIC for a prosperous voyage through life.

—Mr. C. A. Paquette (C. E. '89) made a short visit to the University one day last week, and called on the President and old-time friends, all of whom were pleased to welcome him. Immediately after graduation, Mr. Paquette entered upon the duties of his chosen profession, being assigned a position with the L. S. & M. S. Ry. Co. His ability and qualifications were marked from the outset, and won for him the assurance of taking a foremost place among civil engineers. That he has made rapid progress in his profession is evidenced by the fact that he now holds the important position of Chief Engineer of the Peoria and Eastern Railway Company. Under his supervision and direction many improvements have been made, and the company's road is now said to be in an unusually excellent condition. The managers of the company have in Mr. Paquette a civil engineer in whom they place the utmost confidence and rely implicitly upon his judgment in matters pertaining to the development of the road and the company's interests. The duties of his office have increased to such an extent that he was recently allowed another assistant engineer. All at the University rejoice to know that Mr. Paquette selected and made his first assistant one who, like himself, is a well-known Notre Dame graduate, Mr. C. C. Fitzgerald (C. E. '92), who has been actively engaged in engineering work during the past three years. The record of these young men while at the University and their rapid promotion since entering upon the duties of their calling are the best evidence of what can be accomplished by industry, integrity and close application to business.

Local Items.

—Hand-ball and basket-ball are fast dying out in Carroll Hall.

—The Anti-Specials defeated the St. Josephs by a score of 6 to 0.

—The Carroll Hall Specials has undergone a few changes in the line.

—The "Never-Sweats" defeated the "Unables" by a score of 18 to 0.

—FOUND.—A gold ring. Owner apply to George Stuhlfauth and claim property.

—LOST.—A gold cuff-button. Finder, please return to C. A. Tomlinson, Brownson Hall.

—The Little Rocks defeated the Junior anti-Specials by a score of 12 to 4. Only 15 minute halves were played.

—Lamar Monarch, a former student of Notre Dame, is visiting his brother, Martin V., of Brownson Hall.

—Prof. J. F. Edwards has returned from Lafayette where he attended the marriage of Mr. J. M. Studebaker, Jr.

—"Ted" Wallace tells his Notre Dame friends that he is coming up for the game today. We are always glad to see "Ted."

—The students of all the Collegiate Courses are requested to hand in to the Director of Studies the second essay of the term on or before Dec. 10.

—A very interesting game of basket-ball was played last Wednesday evening between the ex-Minims and Minims; the former won by a score of 2 to 0.

—We have a new one to add to the annals of recent discoveries. We have found that whiskers will grow on Shammy's skin (chamois skin) and even in winter, too.

—We are glad to see our old friend, Edma V. Chassaing, with us again. Already there are visions of brilliant plays on the diamond, to say nothing of the "music in the air."

—WANTED.—A manager for the Fort Wayne football team. Must be able to smile sweetly and capable of looking discouragement squarely in the face. Incidentally, applicant must be a man of means. Apply to E. Gilmartin, Captain.

—"Why are you crying?" inquired one student of another, last Thursday. "I'm not crying," rejoined the other, "but somehow or other, every time that barber takes a scrape at my face, it brings tears to my eyes. What a destruction it brings to valuable and decorative material!"

—In last week's List of Excellence C. Wells should have been credited with first place in *Algebra* instead of *Special Orthography*; T. Murray, A. Krug and G. McNamara should have been mentioned in *Special Orthography* instead of *Orthography*; A. Pendleton's name was omitted from the List in *Algebra*.

—The captains of the elevens should write out the scores of games if they wish to see them in the SCHOLASTIC. In all cases where the name of the club is too vulgar to appear in full we shall give only the initials. Just at present vulgarity seems to be the standard when names are selected.

—On the 8th a game of football was played between the D. D. S., and the Carrolls. Only one half was played, the score being 6 to 2 in favor of the D. D. S. The two teams went at it again on the 12th, and then the Carrolls had their revenge. The D. D. S. went home wondering how they were beaten by a score of 6 to 4.

—And still they come! Victory upon victory have the Little Rock's heaped up until they can no longer give vent to their feelings by telling what they might have done, but flock together in a secluded part of the gym, where they give their "Rally er-ax" to their heart's content. Last Thursday they defeated a picked team from Carroll Hall. Peggy's fumbling and Massey's grumbling were the important features of the game. Score, 18 to 0.

—The Varsity plays Purdue today, and the score will determine who are the champions of Indiana. Unless something unforeseen occurs, we should put up a good game against the wearers of the Gold and Black. Of course, if we win, there can be no question about the best eleven in the State. But there is little profit from counting chickens before they are hatched; so we shall wait until the close of the game. Purdue has a good team.

—If you want anything in the tonsorial line from a waxed moustach to a new head of hair, call on Stewart B. Wiseacre, Tonsorial Artist, No. 21, Rue Tatoot, Sorin Hall. Shampoos, warranted to remove dandruff, hair and scalp, a speciality. Hair extracted without pain.

—Oh! the prefect came down like a wolf on the fold,
And under the bedstead the punsters all rolled;
And he collared the first and the second and third,
But the man that he missed isn't saying a word.

—Students of the Composition Class of Brownson Hall are required to read the following books during the course of the year: "Words and Their Uses," by Grant White; "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Goldsmith; "The Newcomes," by Thackeray; "David Copperfield," by Dickens; "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot; "The Sketch Book," by Irving; "The Marble Faun," by Hawthorne; "Saracinesca," by Crawford; "Van Bibber and Others," by Davis; and "Sesame and Lilies," by Ruskin.

—The right half-back of the S. M's will not play football next year. We are sorry to hear this. Although this is his first season, he has developed into one of the best backs we have had at Notre Dame in years. He has the necessary strength and quickness, and pluck enough to dive against the rock of Gibraltar at the rate of forty miles an hour; but unfortu-

nately he loses all his pluck when snakes, whether dead or alive, or anything pertaining to snakes, are around. Some one has told him that the ball to be used next year will be covered with snake-skin instead of pig-skin. Now, unless we use some of this season's footballs next year he will not be in the game; for he would much rather tackle the Empire State express than a man running wild with a bunch of scaly snake-skin under his arm.

—About two weeks ago was exhibited the worst bit of rowdyism ever seen on Brownson campus. A game of football was being played, and because he didn't like a certain decision, one of the players deliberately struck the referee, and insulted others when they remonstrated with him. Then a new referee was called upon—one who was addressed in the mildest terms—and it was wonderful to see how the bravado of the young fisticuffer began to cool. We refrained from saying anything at the time, fearing that we might condemn too harshly this person for an action that might have been prompted by undue excitement. But an almost similar repetition by the same individual on Carroll campus last Thursday, when there was no provocation for the act, leads us to believe that the person in question is a rowdy of the worst type, and only escapes being a hoodlum by being in the society of gentlemen. He who is always seeking a fight is a rowdy, and merits the reprobation of all who wish to be known as gentlemen.

—As the election is now a matter of history, our local Politicians have begun to think of something else besides "sixteen-to-one," "free and unlimited coinage," and the other absorbing questions that have worried them so much during the last few weeks. And the strangest part of it all is that not a drop of Sorin or Brownson blood was shed during the whole campaign. The Good, the Beautiful, the True is the only real sufferer. Shortly before election he made an agreement with his room-mate that if Bryan were defeated he would shave off his moustach and also turn his candidate's picture to the wall. When visitors enter his room now a sad sight meets their gaze. On the floor lies the moustach that was once the pride of Notre Dame, and in one corner sits a bowed figure looking with fixed eyes at "the picture that is turned toward the wall." He turns not his head as the door opens, but keep his fixed attitude—the only movement perceptible is a slight twitching of the shaven lips. Thus he sits from daybreak until far into the night, refusing even to eat. He could have stood Illinois; he could have stood even Kentucky; but Bullit County, his Bullit County!—that's "the most unkindest cut of all."

—OBITUARY:—On Sunday, November 8, at St. Joseph's Field, S. M. Specials, after a lingering sickness, culminating at last in a total loss of wind and inability to hold together. Age, 3 weeks and two days. Just how the youngster

held up so long is difficult to determine, but Bride Boru, who has nursed it since its birth and lavished upon it all the care and sweetness of a trained nurse, who has, in fact, played with it when awake and smiled upon it when asleep—Bride Boru declares that its death is due to natural causes. The first week of its life it was an unusually strong and lively baby, as evinced by the manner in which it crowed and hallooed at the visit of the Lawyers. Its strength had begun to ooze away the following week when the nurse exposed it to some hot breezes from the Brownson campus where the D. P's had a bonfire. This brought on a slight cough which never wholly left it. It rallied and declined alternately for the next few days, but being allowed by some unaccountable oversight of the careful nurse to wander into the snow last Sunday, the disease developed a new phase, and the child developed a first-class death agony. Funeral all next week. No bouquets. The following is a tribute from the nurse:

Oh! dear S. M. your days are o'er,
Your life was short, I swear;
But we shall meet on that bright shore
Where everything is fair.

—Wiseacre has lost his pretty yellow locks. The fluffy bunch of hair that once fell over his shoulders in rippling waves, like a golden chrysanthemum on the end of a long, lean stem, has been destroyed; and now he wears a smooth, child-like brow that extends from his eyes to the back of his neck; and it all happened through his thirst for knowledge. He had an idea he could make a better shampoo than Mr. Heller, and the shampoo fooled him. With the intention of finding out he went to the laboratory and made a shampoo, consisting of concentrated ammonia, tincture of iodine, lye, oil of wintergreen, nitric acid—any old thing, in fact, that happened to be lying round loose. That night, while all Sorin Hall was still, while each man was busy in his room—or in somebody else's room—something happened. Then heads popped out of every door, and in a few minutes the corridor was filled with a crowd of frightened students. In room 21 a number of things were going on. First there was a roar like escaping steam, followed by a series of railroad collisions and earthquakes; then a couple of boiler explosions and a brass band concert; and once a scream that sounded like "It burneth; it burneth like—" but the rest of the sentence was lost in a symphony of Krupp guns and Roman candles. Then there was a final sigh like the explosion of powder works, and Wiseacre drifted through the splintered door on the crest of a sud wave. Loving friends gathered round and carried him to the Infirmary. As we go to press he is slowly sinking. Just before lapsing into unconsciousness he donated his bald pate to the Sorin Hall reading-room, where it will be used for a billiard ball. Hereafter Mr. Heller will do any shampooing that is needed round Notre Dame.

—TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the Total Abstinence Society was called by the Reverend Father Burns on November 2. The attendance was large and enthusiastic, and showed warm appreciation of the few words spoken by the chairman in explanation of the many benefits of temperance. The choosing of officers was then begun, and when the last eager voter had lowered his hand, the following officers were elected: Promoter, Reverend Father Cooney; Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Burns; President, James Bennett; Vice-President, Raymond O'Malley; Secretary, W. W. O'Brien; Treasurer, Frank O'Shaughnessy; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank W. O'Malley. The advisability of procuring a society badge was then discussed, and the suggestion of Mr. Bennett was adopted, after which the meeting adjourned.

The Carroll Hall branch of the Temperance Society met for reorganization last Sunday afternoon. About fifty students of the department were gathered in the society's club-room when the meeting was called to order. The election of officers resulted as follows: Spiritual Director, Rev. P. P. Cooney; President, Rev. J. A. Burns; 1st Vice-President, J. F. Fennessey; 2d Vice-President, E. Burke; Secretary, J. F. Morrissey; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. C. Taylor. Father Cooney, who was present and was to have addressed the society, was called away, and after the taking of the pledge and a brief talk by Father Burns the meeting adjourned.

List of Excellence.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Arithmetic—Masters Spillard, Cotter, C. Bode, Terhune, McConnell, Atkinson, E. McCarthy, Kelly, Clark, P. Manion, J. McMahon, Reynolds, E. Manion, Dugas, Bosworth, Cowie, Graham, E. Quertimont, Cunnea, Hall, Lawton, L. Van Sant, Weber, Beardslee, Lovell, Trentman; *Grammar*—Masters Steele, McMaster, Fetter, Welch, Abrahams, Phillips, Coquillard, Lovell, Casparis, Dorian, Edgerton, Frost, Hart, Wild, Reynolds, Abrahams, Hubbard, Lawton, P. McBride, J. McMahon, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Weber; *Reading*—Masters Freeman, Atkinson, C. Bode, Clarke, Cotter, Garrity, McConnell, Phillips, Steele, R. Van Sant, Abercrombie, Blanchfield, L. Van Sant, Reese, Trentman, Weber, L. McBride, F. Bode, W. McMahon, Arnold, J. McBride, Englemann, Burton, J. McMahon, Butler, Griffith, G. Quertimont Hart, Bosworth, Casparis; *Orthography*—Masters F. Weidmann, R. Van Sant, Terhune, Spillard, Fetter, Freeman, Garrity, J. McCarthy, Davis, Coquillard, Cotter, C. Bode, Allyn, Atkinson, Hall, Ebbert, G. McCarthy, Ryan, Shields, Griffith, Hart, P. McBride, J. McMahon, Ervin, W. McBride; *Geography*—Masters Atkinson, C. Bode, Cotter, Coquillard, Steele, Terhune, Abercrombie, Cressy, Lawton, P. Manion, G. McCarthy, Trentman, L. Van Sant, Weber, P. McBride, Hart, J. McMahon, Eryin; *Catechism*—Masters Spillard, Fieeman, J. McCarthy, Steele, F. Van Dyke, Garrity, Frost, P. McBride, L. McBride, Ervin, Abercrombie, C. McCarthy, F. Bode, Trentman, Hart, E. Quertimont, Lovell, Dugas; *Penmanship*—Masters Cotter, Phillips, Hall, Lovell, P. McBride, L. McBride, Spillard, Welch, Hart, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Ervin; *Music*—Masters McConnell, J. McMahon, Ebbert, Strauss, Davis, Steele, Cotter, Freeman, Spillard, Garrity, Coquillard, Kasper.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Bryan,* Byrne, Confer, Delaney, Fitzpatrick, Kegler, Lantry, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, Piquette, Pulskamp, Rosenthal, Reardon, Ragan, Reilly, Steele, Sullivan, Sheehan, Sanders, Steiner, Spalding, Weaver.*

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. W. Browne, Byrne, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Burke, Blanchard, Baab, Brucker, Bouwens, J. H. Brown, Cline, Crawford, Crowdus, Cavanagh, Carney, Campbell, Cypher, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Dreher, Duperier, Dukette, Dowd, M. Daly, Donovan, J. Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Fox, C. Flannigan, Follen, B. Fitzgerald, Franey, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gilmartin, Guilfoyle, Hoban, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, Hanhouser, Hermann, Haley, J. Hesse, Hay, Hartung, Jelonak, Johnson, Kidder, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kraus, Koehler, Lyons, Landers Lutz, Murphy, Meagher, Morrison, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, Monahan, Mueller, Meyers, Moorhead, Maurus, Massey, Martin, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, Niezer, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, Pickett, Pendleton, Paras, Quinn, Quandt, Reinhard, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Stearns, Speake, Smoger, Scott, Summers, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Thiele, Tong, J. Tuohy, Toba, Voght, Wigg, Welker, Wieczorek, Wimberg, Wilson, O. Zaehnle, E. Zaehnle.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, T. Condon, M. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Dreher, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessey, Flynn, Foley, L. Fish, A. Fish, Funke, Gimbel, Garrity, Girsch, Gonzalez, Grossart, Hawkins, Hoban, Houck, Hagerty, Herron, Hanley, Hinze, Heffelfinger, Johnson, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kilgallen, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lyle, Lovett, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, Moss, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Merz, T. Murray, Michels, J. Murray, R. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, F. McCallen, E. McCarthy, E. McElroy, McIn tyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Newell, F. O'Brien, O'Connell, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Rudnicki, Sample, Sanford Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Sheils, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Syzbowicz, Sexton, J. Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, J. Ward, H. Ward St. Clair, Waite, Walsh, Watterson, Wells, Wilson.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Cowie, Clarke, Casparis, Cressy, Cunnea, Cotter, Coquillard, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Edgerton, Ebbert, Ervin, Engelmann, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Frane, Field, Griffith, Graham, Garrity, Hall, Hubbard, Hart, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Lovell, Lawton, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, M. McMahon, W. McMahon, J. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Ryan, Reese, Reynolds, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Trentman, Terhune, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Welch, Wilde, F. Weidmann, G. Weidmann, Weber.

* Omitted by mistake.

